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THE CARMELITE

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AUGUST 7, 1929 FIVE CENTS

HENRY COWELL
COMPOSER-PIANIST

CONTINUATION OF THE MUSICAL FEAST

Lawrence Strauss, singer, and Harold Griffin, pianist, will be heard today, the seventh, in the second of the brilliant series of Wednesday morning concerts which distinguish the summer in the history of this community.

■ ■

A week hence, Henry Cowell, just returned from world travels, will tell of his adventures as a modern composer in Russia, and summarize the musical situation there. He will play also two groups of his own compositions as follows:

I

Lilt of the Reel
Domnu, the Mother of Waters
Fabric
The Fairy Answer
Tiger

II

Exultation
The Harp of Life

GONE UP IN SMOKE

At six o'clock on Saturday afternoon the fire-siren summoned the town to a spectacular blaze.

The garage of W. H. Williams on Mission Street was being lifted to the heavens in a column of unholy smoke and fire.

Ten minutes after it started, the wooden structure was a complete wreck. (There was no time to save the two cars which stood inside.) The vigorous work of the Fire Department, aided by powerful water pressure, prevented the spreading of the flames, which at first threatened nearby houses.

THE AMERICAN PRISON

"How sacred is the law, and what has it to do with justice?" Dr. George W. Kirchwey, former Dean of the Columbia Law School and once Warden of Sing Sing prison, asked these questions in a brilliant lecture on Prisons and Criminology last Saturday night at a Carmelite dinner at La Ribera.

"In the last three or four days I have had long telegrams from editors of the New York World and the Times, asking for articles on the recent jail outbreaks in Clinton, in Auburn, and in Leavenworth penitentiaries. A woman in Los Angeles with six step-children and one of her own about to be born has been sentenced to five years in San Quentin by an upright judge. All these things throbbing into my consciousness make it necessary to harp on the old and mouldy string.

"I should have selected for my title 'The Menace of Law Enforcement.' Possibly several members of my profession of the law—not criminal otherwise—may even recognize this as a menace to humanity, not as it is conceived of but as it is in fact. In looser moments I wonder whether there is such a thing as law enforcement. Are any laws enforced by the authority of the state? Not the law against burglary, nor robbery, nor murder. None of these things is suppressed or seriously discouraged by the acts of our legal agencies, but what does happen is the sort of thing that happened to the young mother-to-be in the name of the sacred thing called law.

"How sacred is it?

"It is an honorable profession, but I think sometimes one needs to drop out of the exalted frame of mind with regard to the law.

"(I practiced for ten years or more and was professor of law for twenty-five years. I am a member of all the bar associations and a eulogizer of the law before all of them. I am in good and regular standing and very orthodox except in an atmosphere like this, where I lapse a bit.)

"Dean Ames of Harvard was once meeting a new class. He addressed his students as follows: 'You have heard of a new case method and should understand what it means. We are discussing method by means of previous decisions of the courts. We discuss, judge and criticize. You will ask questions which you will, in turn, answer. Only one kind of question is barred. Whether the decision is just or unjust. This is not a school of justice but of law.'

"This is the truth. The profession is an end in itself. It would be disquieting if every time a judge is called upon to render a decision his decision should be reversed if the law is not working out justice. The question is only of studying law.

"Our President, Mr. Hoover, some time ago, delivered an address on law enforcement in New York to the Associated Press. He envisaged a community with the pillars of the temple falling into ruins about him. He pointed out the increase in crime in the country. He considered it more than a temporary phase, but an actual slipping of the foundations of law and order in the United States. It is impossible that the slipping of the foundations of an entire social structure should be cured by commissions,—even of one headed by Mr. Wickersham. The thing to do would be to migrate to a community where the foundations are not laid and cannot slip.

"May I say in Mr. Hoover's own state that he was unduly alarmed? The foundations are not slipping. There are not even the innocent oscillations of the earth which sometimes occur out here. Statistics give adequate evidence that the forces of law are building up. There is not more but less crime. There is not less respect for law than there was forty or fifty years ago but more,—leaving out prohibition, which is a special question. There is a tendency to better observance of law. These are facts which could be verified if there were time.

"What is so sacred about law? It is well that there should be laws prohibiting certain offenses not to be tolerated by the community. Such offenses should be penalized. But you would think from the attitude of many of our law-givers and writers that any violation of the law was touching the Ark of the Covenant with sacrilegious hands. Where does law become sacred? It is not handed down by the thunders of the Almighty,—but from Sacramento or Albany. Where does it get the sanctity that makes its enforcement essential to the well-being of the community? There is a gap in our thinking. We have inherited the notion of the sacredness of law when it has lost its quality of sacredness. It is merely a human expedient of value to the community.

"That is a radical sentiment which will become accepted and orthodox in the future.

"We are law-ridden by the sacredness of law. It seems to justify all the atrocities which frequently attend criminal justice, even the horrors of San Quentin and of the county jails. We generalize by saying of the prisoner who becomes a pariah that he is a criminal or a crook. We do not realize that he may still be as close kin to us as was Cain to Abel, blood of our blood, flesh of our flesh and kind of our kind.

"I have had some familiarity with prisons in two years at Sing Sing, and I have visited and studied big and little prisons, Federal institutions and county jails. It is a few months since I have been in Leavenworth. I am glad that someone had courage to rebel against conditions there, even though the rebellion was futile.

"Volmer, the best cop in the country, is hazy in his explanation of the break. He says that authorities have not studied criminology enough. A knowledge of criminology would not come amiss to people enacting criminal law or enforcing it. But it is very rarely that a judge has studied criminology. In England they study criminology as well as law. It is the bone and sinew of criminal law in European countries. We should know more and we know little about factors in the criminal attitude toward society.

Anyone not spoiled by holding political office knows that conditions in the prisons of the country are bound to result in breaks like the recent ones. The outbreak in Leavenworth was said to be due to over-crowding. Three thousand men in room for seventeen hundred. Our prisons are always overcrowded. Overcrowding does make life more difficult, but the men there do not expect much of life. However, they do expect to be treated halfway decently, and if not they revolt. We have had revolts at Folsom and will have more. Mass treatment of men of different individualities; the severity of repressive discipline by the prison authorities, semi-starvation, — these are the real causes.

"Two out of three breaks at Folsom are due to semi-starvation, the rule of silence and repressive measures. The rule of silence means that if a man wants to communicate with a fellow inmate he must mumble without moving his lips. Punishment in a dark cell if he is detected. Sometimes he is in a cell for weeks or months. Men came to me at Sing Sing who had been confined for eleven of thirteen months in darkness for trial to escape from conditions which no self-respecting citizen would endure. Any one of us would do the same.

"Prisons are generally run on the principle that every prisoner is a desperado and every possible precaution must be taken to prevent him from communicating with his fellows. The wardens and guards justify this because they have had experience of that kind in that regime. There is an atmosphere of hostile revenge. At Clinton there is always a feeling of something about to happen.

"A prison break shows up the kind of prison administration. The men are reg-

imented at best. They are tyrannized over and brutalized at the worst. They resent the feeling that the best food is being stolen by the guards

"One of the best men at Sing Sing was brought to my office on Christmas Day. He had not had dinner 'outside' for twenty-five years. He was thirty years old. His mother had died when he was five; his aunt had 'kicked him out.' First he was in the 'protectory'; then the House of Refuge. It was his third term in Sing Sing.

"Eighty per cent of the prisoners are under thirty, and fifty per cent are under twenty-five.

"This man had two younger brothers. One was doing his first 'bit.' The other had been in Elmira. Now he was working as a longshoreman, married and with children to protect—a perfectly decent chap. If the first had not had initial experience in crime he might have been a decent member of the community without costing the state so much, and without the consequent disgrace and danger of perceptual destruction. This is a typical case.

"Some cases are psychopathic or insane. Others are result of prison psychosis. Most of them are folks like you and me.

"More and better law enforcement means more and harder law enforcement. Arrest more of them and hit them harder when you get them. This will convert the reclaimable offender by thumping him into an enemy of society.

"In order to make law abiding citizens of crooks, law enforcement citizens must be law abiding. Prosecuting attorneys rarely are. Men in jail complain they were brutally treated by law enforcement officers. This is true of police and magistrates. All the crimes on calendar are committed by many a law-enforcement staff. They find the criminal by committing every crime possible.

"I am preparing a little memorandum of suggestions, with respect to law observanve and law enforcement in the hope that Mr. Hoover's Law Enforcement Commission may begin with the agencies of law enforcement in securing law observance.

"How many men can you scare into law observance by drastic methods to criminals? I do not believe anyone is deterred from crime either by penalizing him or by the spectacle of penalizing another. I will go so far as to say that punishment should never be imposed unless we have absolutely proved that it will have a deterrent effect. Meantime instead of putting more and more sting into law enforcement we need to find some decent method of securing law obsedvance,—which is, after all, the only aim of law enforcement."

"PINOCCHIO" THIS WEEK

Friday and Saturday the ninth and tenth are dates on the calendar with a golden circle about them,—to be reserved for the children's play, "Pinocchio," at the Forest Theater. Children directors ardently hope that all who have not lost entirely contact with the fountain of youth will be on hand on those evenings, to watch the children stage their play. They have worked long and earnestly, and the rehearsals have gone well.

Pinocchio himself has acquired a wooden gait which he finds is becoming almost second nature. "You have to **feel wooden,**" he says. "But not so wooden that you don't feel when someone's stepping on your toes."

The work is all being done by the children. Even the linoleum cuts for the advertisements were done by David and Max Hagemeyer. Max in fact is the proud bearer of a finger-cut which he regards simply as part of the process.

Billy Veatch, who is the cat (and a marvellous cat he makes) had to chase the blackbird. So he chased him across the stage saying his lines meanwhile. The blackbird fled behind the wall. "Does he expect me to chase him through a stone wall?" asks Billy in desperation.

The production committee calls upon Carmel to appear in full force as audience. "It is not so much a matter of being interested in a children's play," say Dora Hagemeyer, "as it is a matter of entering into the play-spirit of childhood and seeing things once more through clear young eyes."

COUNCIL MEETING

Meeting as usual on the first Wednesday of the month, the City Fathers will convene tonight the seventh at seven-thirty.

MUSIC TO BE PLAYED BY BUHLIG

Unusual are the programs to be played by Richard Buhlig August nineteenth, twenty-second, and twenty-sixth, in the studios of the Dickinsons', the C. S. Greenes' and the studio of Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous, respectively.

Never before has Carmel had an opportunity to hear such music played by such a master. Beginning with music written in the sixteenth century for the virginal and the early keyboard instruments, Mr. Buhlig will carry down to the present day when music is being written for instruments not yet manifest. The second program, featuring the Haydn Andante and the Beethoven Hammerklavier, is one to be approached with the greatest respect. The Haydn—music such as the angels sing—was written undoubtedly with the harpsichord in mind, though the piano was then in existence. This is followed by the Hammerklavier, that monumental work of Beethoven's that saw far beyond even the present day in musical possibilities. It is interesting that in Europe Buhlig has the reputation of having given the "Hammerklavier" its greatest performance. In Los Angeles he gave it its premier, astonishing though the fact may be, considering the date of the work; and in San Francisco also, he was the first to play it. It is undoubtedly the "first time in Carmel," as well, and no one who has even a faint interest in music would willingly miss such an event. A colossal work, possibly Beethoven's greatest for the keyboard. It is an epitome of the significance of the Buhlig evenings.

THE SERRA PAGEANT

One of the most important functions in the four-day Serra Pilgrimage and Fiesta, August fifteenth to eighteenth inclusive, will be the official opening to the public of the historic Customs House at Monterey, the oldest governmental building in Alta California. Its foundations were laid by Pablo Víncente de Sola, Governor of California in 1814, the upper structure being completed later by Governor Figueroa. The United States flag was first officially raised here, July seventh, 1846. Closed to visitors for nearly a quarter of a century, the opening of the Customs House has been arranged by Ray DeYoe, representing Monterey Peninsula in the State Assembly.

FORECAST

An occasional flash of brilliant Spanish red and yellow.

Tenderly nurtured sideburns.

Brilliant posters.

Shining manes braided and tied every night.

SIX WEDNESDAY MORNING RECITALS
JULY 31 to SEPTEMBER 4
AT 11 O'CLOCK

To be held at Hotel La Ribera, Carmel - by -the- Sea.

Tickets at Village Bookshop, Dolores Street.

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LUBOSCHUTZ AND BALABAN

The violin recital by Lea Luboschutz opening the Wednesday morning series at La Ribera on the thirty-first answered the objection of some of us to the transfer of music in Carmel from the intimate studio to the less personal formal gathering place.

Crowded as La Ribera was for this event, music lost nothing by the change. The personality and the musicianship of the artist transcend time, place, and circumstance.

It was a program of magnificent breadth and balance. At the piano the incomparable Balaban provided a superb support. In the foreground, the vital and warm temperament of the soloist, uninhibited utterance. In the background, the reticence, the impersonality, the subordination, of the accompanist into an abstraction,—a divine obedience.

The suite of Bach, the Praeludium in E-major, the Praeludium and Allegro of Pugnani,—these provided the weight and center of the program. Luboschutz accords them their final dignity. One feels that she accords it to all of life. The magnificence of that morning hour consisted in this very thing,—the heightening of the sense of life through the communication of fine life attitudes.

The program drew to a close, however, more lightly. There was a bit of Kreisler's delicious nonsense. A charming brief composition too by Thomas Vincent Cator, whose gifts the artist acknowledged with a graceful tribute. And last, Wieniauski, played with brilliance alight with fire.

A magnificent and memorable hour.

HENRY COWELL IN THE CARRINGTON STUDIO

It is significant that the first recital of Henry Cowell on his return from Europe should have been in the Carrington studio in Pacific Grove. It was from her whom the whole Peninsula has come to love as "Mother Carrington" that Henry Cowell received his first piano lessons. As Mr. Cowell, with deep feeling, said in his introductory remarks, it was not only fitting but in the way of a homecoming that he should be playing in "Mother Carrington's" studio. The gracious, sensitive figure which, for more than thirty years has been developing a genuine musical culture and appreciation among the youth of the Peninsula, has done her part toward building up that musical consciousness which at this moment is making Carmel a musical center.

Continuing, Henry Cowell described conditions in Russia and central Europe with characteristic lucidity and turn of phrase, after which he played a number of his compositions. Following a custom which he inaugurated in San Francisco and Carmel over a year ago, and one which has long been used by Koussevitzky and others in the east, Cowell played the less familiar of his works twice over. He told how in Russia the demand for familiarity was so insistent that he was forced to repeat each work on his program, playing some of them four and five times before he was allowed to go on. This made the recital run to three and four hours and over, but with undiminished enthusiasm on the part of the Russians, who must needs really make a work their own before they will let it go.

SUBLIMATION

"I notice," said the Scoffer, tongue in cheek, "that there are few ladies on your summer concert programs in this manless town."

"And that the gentlemen giving these recitals," continued another, "are without exception handsome."

CARE OF THE YOUNG

What is the proper procedure with orphaned fledgling birds? Mr. Joseph J. Hartley has been inquiring. He found a frightened small bird on Saturday morning in front of the post office, took it home,—and then faced problems of nutrition and infant education.

The tiny thing can fly a few feet. But it does not yet know how to hunt and peck. A drop of water from the finger-tip. Bits of cooked egg-yolk. Seeds are still too difficult to negotiate. Any competent suggestion will be welcomed.

REMY THE BEAUTIFUL FLOWER GIRL

She is perfectly charming. You see her at all hours of morning and afternoon, in some draped old habiliment, carrying two gladiola stalks, or perhaps three, aloft and triumphant through the streets. Going somewhere with a flower.

Perhaps it is advertising. Remy telling the world of the delight of bloom. But in inventing this advertising, Remy has discovered an art. We like to see this glad bit of color tiptoeing careless through the town, two gladiolas, gules, upon a field of argent.

Bravery

I saw a brown-robed, green-misted redwood
Shot with a flame of crimson vine.
Grave, age-old dignity;
Unheeding, age-young gayety.

—Dorothy Dobrzensky

Personal Bits . . .

Mr. Edward Kuster, returned from Europe, dashed into Carmel last week for a few hours, took a look at his theater, The Golden Bough, drove out to his stone castle on the Point, saw a few friends, and was off again.

He will return in a few weeks for a brief stay in Carmel, and then returns to New York, where he is likely to produce a play, or two plays, of which he has exclusive production rights in this country.

Mr. Kuster's findings in the field of the European drama are exceedingly rich. He has come back laden with treasure,—some of it in forms of his own translations.

The speed at which he moves these days is commensurate with the intensity of his abounding enthusiasm.

■ ■

Bertha Fiske, a figure in the world of modern drama, and lecturer on the subject at Berkeley, visited Carmel for some days last week and was the guest of honor upon several occasions at the studio of Edward Weston and Ramiel MacGeehee. She told of the advance of the art of the theatre in the east and in Europe, and in herself excellently illustrated the sophisticated charm of the polished citizen of the modern world.

■ ■

Herold Brown of Paris is the house guest of Alan Campbell. Mr. Brown is a modernistic portraitist in oils. For the last five years he has been in Paris, where he exhibited in the Salon d'Automne. Mr. Brown is going to be in Carmel for the month of August and will spend the winter in San Francisco. He expects to have an exhibition here next spring.

■ ■

At dinner the other night at the Dickinsons', Dr. George Kirchwey spoke intimately and simply of his knowledge of the criminal and why he "breaks the law." More revealing than a public lecture, he broke down the prison walls and showed what goes on behind them, **and its meaning.**

LA RIBERA CHANGES ITS REGIME

The resignation of Mrs. Ball from management of La Ribera Hotel will be a matter of regret to many.

Her success with the smaller Lincoln Inn last year, which stood on the site now covered by La Ribera, was phenomenal. Her personality and the warmth it gave to the Inn were the factors of her success. Simplicity, sincerity, and goodness of heart were added to a talent for doing things well. Mrs. Ball's dining room was excellently, as well as generously, run.

So swift a success seemed to justify a larger venture. Financed by Dr. R. A. Kocher, who was in turn financed by his patient and benefactor, Mrs. Grace Velie Harris, Mrs. Ball undertook the venture of La Ribera.

The judgment of advisers was perhaps a little out of scale. La Ribera, in order to repay its heavy investment, will require the close figuring of an experienced and accomplished hotel manager.

Meantime Mrs. Ball has given six months of herself to the patience and labor of preparation. These now pass into the service of the new administration, unrewarded except for the friendship and the respect which the wholesome graciousness and the essential dignity of this hospitable soul have won.

BUSY

Do not disturb Edward Weston too suddenly in his studio these days.

He is working upon peppers.

Green peppers.

For an hour at a time he alternates between his camera under the black hood, and from his subject, one green glossy fruit. Emerging and squinting. Returning and peering. It is earnest business.

Two negatives have already become prints. There is a strange marvel in them. The print is no mere representation. It is highly selective interpretation.

For hours and days that one pepper has posed. Ramiel MacGeehee says that all shopping these days for his great friend must be done with a photographic eye. First it is the artist's model, and only at last becomes a salad. Catastrophes and griefs have occurred because visitors have come along and eaten the still life.

Edward Weston knows, and in his work shows, that for richness and mystery, the pepper is subject matter equal to the poet.

UNDESERVED HALO

"I am from The Carmelite," said our newest and youngest reporter, as she timidly entered in search of news.

"Ah yes, such lovely voices they have," murmured the other in comment apparently irrelevant.

Later the explanation forthcame.

"This is the young lady from the Carmelite nuns," the temporary hostess introduced the Youngest Reporter, "Waiting to see you."

"O no, from the newspaper," said the Y. R.

"Oh," said they.

Myra B.'s Corner

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THE DUKE

The first time we saw him nobody would have known he was a duke at all.

We had heard of him as prospective copy, and were anticipating his formal official visit to the editorial sanctum. (Home papers please copy.)

Suddenly, "There he is," cried our young and pretty office assistant and dashed out.

A gigantic form next blocked the doorway. Six foot ever so many inches of virile manhood, topped by a wild mop of wet hair, and clothed on the way up with a wet bathing suit and a silken bath robe of blue with white polka dots.

The visitor immediately sat down on the floor. When his Great Dane had established himself likewise, there remained room in the editorial office for little more than conversation.

Conversation therefore ensued. It was unimportant. We learned that he was Mr. Byron born in Scotland, educated in Germany, France, and the world. Master of half a dozen languages. Composer of successful songs.

"Are they good songs?" we asked doubtfully.

"Certainly they are good songs," he said. "I get four hundred dollars apiece for them."

"But Henry Cowell has just told us that Schirmer, the standard publisher of music, pays only fifteen or twenty dollars for a composition."

"O that sort of music," said the duke scornfully. "I mean theme songs. Theme songs of movies, you know."

We let it go at that. After a while the duke heaved himself up from the floor and said goodbye. The great Dane padded along beside him.

Half an hour later another apparition at the door.

A giant still, but dapper.

The last word in sartorial virtue, and with a monocle.

A monocle in Carmel.

"But does he mean it seriously?" we doubted, after he had snatched the editorial hand from the typewriter keyboard and bowed over it with a gracefully-turned French phrase.

"Certainly he means it seriously," came the reply.

Carmel is frequently called, in urban circles, a place of queer fish. What worries us, is that the visitors to Carmel who make such a comment, may be mistaken for native populace, and we eventually thus deserve the reputation.

SOME FIGGERS

The 1929 Assessment Roll for Carmel, just published by the City Clerk, is as follows:

ASSESSED VALUATION:

Real estate:	$1,665,515
Improvements:	1,420,205
Personal property:	217,035
Total:	$3,302,755
Exemptions:	90,825
Grand total:	$3,211,930

ALLAN-LOUISE CONCERT

We wandered into the Mona-Mona Tea Room where Allan-Louise had their Music Arts Club recital under way, and found quite a group of music lovers sitting at the Kleinschmidt's tables by candle light. It was a pleasure to sit through the Bach Prelude in E Minor played by the Philadelphia Symphony under the direction of Stokowski, without that erratic and temperamental conductor's calling a stop to the music when someone coughed, or when "Midnight," Edwina's feline fur-bearing animal came in.

The finale was a bit from the King's Henchman, sung by Lawrence Tibbet and chorus.

Allan-Louise have promised such auditions every Friday and Monday evening at eight-thirty, and have a wealth of good reproductions. This coming Monday they offer Brahm's C Minor symphony.

F. K. M.

THE GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP

DEL MONTE.—In spite of numerous attempts to clarify the situation, much confusion still prevails as to what accommodations still remain available for the National Amateur Golf Championship at Pebble Beach, September second to seventh. To assist would-be spectators in locating rooms, a National Amateur Golf Housing Committee has been appointed with headquarters at the Monterey Chamber of Commerce.

Elaborate plans are also under way for an unlimited number of Pullman sleepers, which will be placed on the Del Monte sidings. Special transportation between these sleeping cars and Pebble Beach links will be provided. There will be a special information bureau at the sidings and all features of Hotel Del Monte service will be furnished occupants of these Pullmans.

From an editorial in the "New Republic" of July thirty-first:

"To some extent the moral landscape has been altered; the militarists are now for the first time on the defensive, whereas always in the past those who wanted peace are in that position."

The Arts . . .

THE MORALITY OF ART

Stark Young has written a beautiful essay, in the "New Republic" of July seventeenth, called "Art and the Moral Life." It is a response to his reading of Walter Lippman's new book on the nature of Morals.

We steal a paragraph, and recommend a further reference by the reader to the whole original:

"A work of art is immoral in so far as any part of it is dead, in so far as life is thereby in that part denied. This immorality may ensue from deliberate intention—falsifying the matter to make the work please or sell, distorting the completeness of the artist's vision for false purposes, killing in it, or parts of it, the life that would fill it and make it complete and to be respected. Or the immoral defect may ensue from lack of genius—the artist is unable to create his idea completely in terms of his art and so make a work that is partially dead. This point covers all in art that is specious—because it pretends a life it has not; lying—because it distorts the living harmony of the elements involved; hypocritical—because it defeats vital attack and mocks reality; prurient—because it shams and itches instead of allowing us the natural purity of all that is alive; cheap and common—because it panders, substitutes and sickens; unimagined and uncreated—because it cannot give a sound body to the soul that is waiting to be born in the work of art. These are what ultimately, without any regard to individual or epoch or geography, make a work of art the enemy of life."

INDIAN GATHERING BARK
linoleum cut by Bruce Inverarity

STUDIO OF INTERIOR DECORATION
ZANETTA CATLETT AND KENNEDY OWEN
SEVEN ARTS BUILDING

THE LITTLE GALLERY OF MONTEREY
Exhibition of Paintings by
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Entrance through Indian Craft Shop
Corner of Pearl and Tyler Streets

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THE CARMELITE

CARMEL - BY - THE - SEA
CALIFORNIA

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Editorial . . .

SOCIAL SERVICE IN MONTEREY COUNTY

From thinking, to decision and action.

The audience at the Kirchwey dinner, hearing of conditions as they continue at our own county jail, and of grave lack of provision for agencies of social service in the county, were uncontent merely to have heard.

A number immediately named themselves as desiring to participate in further activities tending toward the bringing about of a competent survey of the social service needs of the county. Judge Jorgenson of the superior court at Salinas spoke of the intention of the County Board of Supervisors to include provision for a Detention Home for Children and a new jail in the current budget. Probation Officer Otis reminded the audience of the hesitation of the Board to undertake further costly functions for the county. It must therefore be concluded that social service agencies will have to originate extra-officially.

(California has several excellent county social service administrations. This being the case, it becomes highly desirable to bring about a totally competent survey, made by impartial experts of highest professional calibre. It was suggested that Dr. Miriam Van Waters be conferred with on such a matter. She has recently been elected President of the National Conference of Social Work. Dr. Kirchwey spoke of the Juvenile Court of Los Angeles, over which she is Referee, as the finest in the country, possibly in the world. Her contribution to professional social work is outstanding.

Individuals interested in the bringing about of such a survey, as a first step toward undertaking within Monterey County of its obligations of social service to the Dependent, the Delinquent, and the Defective, will meet this week to initiate the general plan.

THE NEXT STEP IS . . . INQUIRY

The resignation of Dr. Sandholdt from the school board of the Monterey High School brings to public knowledge a situation long sinister.

"If you editors will keep your hands off, and refrain from pushing Graves he will resign of his own accord. But if you force the issue, he will fight." So we were told.

This quelled the public agitation against the continued incumbency of the high school principalship by a man believed by many, educators and parents, to be eminently unfit for his job.

Such a bargain is a good one to make,—if you don't intend to keep it.

The expected resignation of Mr. Graves has not occurred. And Dr. Sandholdt, member of the Board, has resigned in protest.

The resignation of a good man has value if it stirs the community into thinking.

We send our children to the Monterey High School,—and slumber on. What is happening to those youngsters, five days of their week? What kind of a school is it? Few of us ever venture a foot upon the campus,—except for commencement halleluiahs. With a blinding amazing faith we entrust the future to an unknown personnel.

Dr. Sandholdt was to provide the leaven on that School Board to help the school to a fitter administration. It was useless, he found.

THE LAST FRONTIER

Reluctantly Carmel becomes an urban community. Must it leave behind its simple ways, abandon the Last Frontier? Music has had a very special life here. The presence in Carmel this summer of so many musicians of high distinction attests their appreciation of it.

But this season's recitals makes a grave transition. They are held in a hotel. This introduces a note which music has never before had here,—and loses, let us say, an understanding, or rather perhaps certain of its rarer harmonics.

The intimate recital held in a studio has a peculiar richness. No hotel, however elaborate a product of the interior decorator's arts, can provide this. Playing in the studio of Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous, or at the Dickinsons', the artist knows himself to be among his own. His communication has an intimate quality,—music heightened.

As it grows in size a community necessarily becomes more impersonal. From studio to hotel. No use resisting it. The audience of known friends adds to itself gloved "strangers." Who are they? Are they people too who share our intense musical receptivity,—or merely persons who have paid their dollar? We look at them hopefully; yet the happy sense of solidarity is weakened because we do not know.

It is, nevertheless, a brilliant audience which is hearing the summer recital series in Carmel. We do not complain of it. We are a little proud to share its light. Balaban, Rudhyar, Strauss, Anikeef, Michelson, Luboschutz. Cowell shining. Harold Griffin, a beautiful boy. Heads and faces of earnest and creative human beings, noble to look upon.

The Carmel of Mary Austin and of George Sterling may be gone. (If it is literary still, who are the litterateurs?) But it has become a place of musical creation. Cowell, Rudhyar, Weisshaus,—depart from it and return, bringing back with them newly finished works, or digging themselves into solitary cabins to continue it.

PERRY IS BEING CUTE AGAIN

The "Pine Cone" has been complaining of late of the dullness of things, and mitigates this a little by warming over the pre-war anti-radical fires. The skyrocket against Anita Whitney, Austin Lewis, and The Carmelite, does not quite go off, but it makes a jolly sputter anyway. Why The Carmelite should be held responsible for the politico-lyrical outburst of a group of enthusiasts who include that brave little fanatic and Jeanne d'Arc, Anita Whitney, we know not. We too question the wisdom of the outburst, although we laud the nobility of the impulse and the fine spirit of the intention.

Does Perry Newberry, editor of the "Pine Cone," really question the fundamental honesty of these people? Or does he merely disagree with them?

It is still not against the law to look like a Russian, or even to be one.

And the Workers' party (the Communists) ranks with the Republican, the Democratic, the Socialist, and the Prohibition parties as one for which you may

lawfully cast your vote at election time.

The Democrats and the Republicans, who own the newspapers of the United States, have long made it a practice to call over the back fence that their mothers won't let them play with the Communists. But this does not make the Communist a bad boy. Plenty of queer old ladies have been burned in Salem long since for being witches. Which proved, not that the queer old ladies were witches, but merely that they had been burned.

Meantime, we beg to ask

WHAT IS A COMMUNIST, PERRY?

We breathlessly await the answer.

(May we add that Communism is now a little out of fashion as a theory for a future society. It remains the left-over of the radical movement of a generation ago. The swing of life leads now in other directions. A new picture of the ideal state will have to be formulated. It will, doubtless, leave behind in the backwash, the Communist hopes for which many hearts, the hearts of dreamers and Utopianists, have beat high.)

Correspondence

GOOD BUSINESS BUT BAD FORM

(Extract from a letter to the Editor of The Carmelite)

. . . . . I observe that Perry is making war on you as his rival with a running fire of slurs upon you as "disloyal." A good old journalistic trick . . . But let him have his fun . . .

C. T. C.

APROPOS OUR BIT ON THE BIG SUR

(written from the Big Sur)

. . . "Rattle Snakes" I did not approve of. We are in Eden. But . . . no snakes. Just a little pet now and then.

Over the mountain, up in the government reserve, yes, but not in these front seats of the play. Only deer. Does and fawns and a big stag now and then leaping among the rock and greenery. And trout in streams. And hermit thrushes.

Still we sit and view the horizon round. It seems to supply all that one needs of life for contemplation . . .

Carrie H. Blackman

[redacted]

SNAKE DANCE

by Witter Bynner

We are clean for them now, as naked-clean as they are,
We go out for them now and we meet them with our hands.
Bullsnakes, rattlesnakes, whipsnakes, we compare
Our cleanness with their cleanness. The sun stands
Witness, the moon stands witness. The dawn joins
Their scales with our flesh, the evening quiets their rattles.
We can feel their tails soothing along our loins,
Like the feathers on our fathers after battles.
For their fathers were our fathers. We are brothers
Born of the earth and brothers in the sun;
And our destiny is only one another's,
However apart the races we have run.
Out of the earth we came, the sons of kings;
For the daughters of serpent-kings had offered grace
To our fathers and had formed us under their wings
To be worthy of light at last, body and face.
Out of the earth we came, into this open
Largeness of light, into this world we see
Lifted and laid along, broken and slopen,
This world that heaves toward heaven eternally.
We have found them, we have brought them, and we know them
As kin of us, because our fathers said:
As we have always shown them, you must show them
That kinship in the world is never dead,
Come then, O bullsnake, wake from your slow search
Across the desert. Here are your mother's kin.
Dart not away from us, whipsnake, but perch
Your head among your people moulded in
A greater shape yet touching the earth like you.
Leave off your rattling, rattlesnake, leave off
Your coiling, your venom. There is only dew
Under the starlight. Let our people cough
In the blowing sand and hide their faces, oh still
Receive them, know them, live with them in peace.
They want no rocks from you, none of your hill.
Uncoil again, lie on our arms, and cease
From the wars our fathers ceased from, be again
Close with your cousins, listen to our song.
Dance with us, kinsfolk, be with us as men
Descended from common ancestors, belong
To none but those who love yourselves and us.
Oh listen to the feathers that can weave
Only enchantment and to the words we sing,
The feet we touch the earth with. Help us believe
That our ancestors are still remembering.
Go back to them with sacred meal, go back
Down through the earth. Oh be our messengers!
Tell them with reverence, tell them our lack;
Tell them we have no roots, but a sap that stirs
Forever unrooted upward to the sky.
But tell them also, tell them of our song
Downward from heaven, back where we belong.
Oh north, east, west and south, tell them we die!

—Courtesy of the New York Herald Tribune

[redacted]

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PROBLEMS OF POPULATION

The Sixth Institute of the Harris Foundation is just over at the University of Chicago; its purpose, to consider problems of population and migration. Some of its main generalizations summarized by Dr. Frederick L. Schuman, are as follows:

In the last one hundred and fifty years the world's population has expanded phenomenally from perhaps 750,000,000 in 1750 to about 1,800,000,000 at the present time. Is this likely to continue? Contrary to general impression, there is much evidence to indicate that the population of northwestern Europe will soon reach a stationary point or commence to decline. While there is still an annual increment to population in most of these countries, each one hundred women of child-bearing age is reproducing only ninety-three potential mothers. The peculiar age and sex distribution of the population has thus far prevented the results of this situation from showing in census figures. Within a decade or two, however, barring unforeseen developments, the peak of population growth will have been passed in this area.

In southern and eastern Europe on the other hand, population expansion continues at only a slightly retarded rate. The 150,000,000 inhabitants of the Soviet Union, with an annual increase of three to four million, probably constitute the most rapidly growing block of population in the world today. The 120,000,000 people of the United States continues to increase at a constantly slower rate. At the present time the average American family no longer raises the 3.1 children necessary to keep population stationary. School attendance in the first, second and third grades is already declining. An expected increase in the death rate, as the age distribution of the population becomes more normal, coupled with a probable further decline in the birth rate, should bring the American population to a stationary point well before the end of the century. But the pressure of population upon resources in the overcrowded countries of Asia shows no signs of early abatement, except in Japan, and even there it is doubtful whether restriction of population growth will take effect in time to prevent a critical situation.

One of the most important factors in bringing about this result has undoubtedly been the increasingly general dissemination of contraceptive information throughout the western world. Despite legal restriction and religious opposition, the birth control movement has spread rapidly and has in fact passed out of the hands of its professional sponsors and advocates. This development is viewed with alarm by those who accept the view that population naturally follows a parabolic curve and who fear that a decline once begun may continue to a point threatening the existence of the civilization supported by the population in question. According to this school, the birth control movement therefore gives rise to problems which are the more serious for being incapable of solution unless dealt with long in advance of their occurrence. Others take the position that a declining population will mean an increasingly higher standard of living for those who remain and that reproduction habits will readjust themselves before the decline reaches a dangerous point.

"DESPAIR"

Soap Sculpture (Courtesy "The Art Digest.")

REGRET AFTER QUARREL

I wish that I could say:
"Your angry voice was like
Wind-whipped battle banners
Booming and snapping."
But alas!
If I am truthful, I must say:
"Your angry voice was like
The loose flapping of banners
Left hanging till the wind
Had torn them to rays."

Louise Olivereau

BLANDING SLOAN'S PUPPETS BEGIN THEIR NEW SHOW

The Blanding Sloan Puppet Theater Association, a cooperative group of artists, will open their fall season at their playhouse, 718 Montgomery street in San Francisco, with a program of puppets and art films. On August first Narodny's "Sky Girl," an astral fantasy depicting life fifty thousand years hence, had its Pacific coast premiere. It will continue every Thursday, Friday and Saturday evening and on Saturday afternoons during August.

This play was done in Moscow last season and in New York recently, but it is particularly adapted to the marionette medium. There are two sets of actors, twelve in all, the astral or mechanical men built of metal, and the earth puppets in grotesque and beautiful wood carvings.

There are three acts and several scenes, —the astral laboratories, the Sky Girl's Home, Before the Master's Brain, Within the Masters Brain, and in the Telebiascope room.

Besides the title role, the characters are Telluria, Luna, Tamara, Paracelsus, Demos, Mr. A. B., Savva, the Soul of Man, Chronos, the secretary of energy, and Phoebus.

The figures, scenery, and lighting effects have been designed by Blanding Sloan. R. Bruce Inverarity is assisting on general direction and in the execution of scenery, figures and especially contributing to the development of lighting effects.

"The Light of Asia," which will be shown on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings during August, beginning the fifth, is a spectacle depicting the life of Buddha and has been produced in India by a cast of Hindu players.

"MERMAID"

Soap Sculpture (Courtesy "The Art Digest.")

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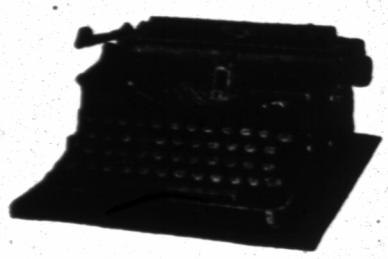

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Salt Water Taffy	Corey Ford
Nature of the Physical World	Eddington
Whither Mankind	Charles A. Beard

MEXICAN DAYS

by Edward Weston

(These are excerpts from the day-book which Edward Weston kept in Mexico, during a journey with a camera and a comrade through the interior.)

July.

Janitchio of disagreeable afterthoughts!

We were eager to go,—more eager to leave.

It was a small island of fisher-folk, who received us with a hostility which made me bristle in turn.

Upon our approach the church was locked, and remained so despite our letters and entreaties. Perhaps our visit was an intrusion; one felt so, wandering through the narrow streets,—like private property, invading some one's back yard, it was so intimate, personal.

Before landing we heard music, distant orchestra, song, and laughter. What a gay place! wedding-feast was on,—and we the uninvited guests. This was the second day of the celebration,—half the villagers were drunk. A reeling Indian greeted us, swearing uproariously.

My inclination was to knock down the filthy beast, but not wishing to commit suicide, I half embraced him instead. Surprised, he staggered off, still swearing.

Upon a cliff by the church, fishermen mended nets,—yards of mesh stretched out on poles, sunlit, sparkling. To gain our end, we affected sympathy, denouncing the government for ending mass. But they were taciturn, aloof,—answering with laconic sarcasm.

One offered to take us where there were Hispanic idols.

He asked five pesos in advance, which so much incensed Tina, that she berated them for greediness.

"Well, when we go to the capital," he retorted scornfully, "we are often cheated and know it. But we pay for our fun without question."

Hopeless now, sure that the church would not be opened, I turned my camera toward the cuts and the lake below: the tile roofs a jagged foreground, the lake a silver sheet, the hills of Patzcuaro, murky under storm clouds.

And as I focussed, the wedding procession approached. Up the rocky lane they wound, stumbling, lunging at the bridal couple with a pair of steer's horns; retreating, crazily screaming, while the orchestra blared forth barbaric music. Others waved flags or empty bottles, drowning the music with hoots and shrieks.

They passed and left us spellbound.

"We had better leave," I suggested, "before meeting that mob. They might decide on a funeral march for variety. Let us hunt for old lacquer from Uruapan in the village below."

We went down,—the procession up.

Then happened a near-tragedy. The old horn-waving witch charged my camera, left standing on the cliff's edge in charge of our cargador.

What he did or said to dissuade her, I don't know. But the boy had an extra peso in his pocket that night.

I heaved the traditional sigh of relief as we sailed away from Janitchio.

"UNICORN"

Soap Sculpture (Courtesy "The Art Digest.")

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

I have marched to wild music,
Followed fantastic banners,
Laughed in the face of the sun,
Danced madly with the mad moon,
And had strange intercourse with trees.
The wind has been my lover, and the rain
Companioned me through endless sleepless nights.
I know the words the curlew calls,
And robins after rain; the desert night
Has whispered half-forgotten secrets of its youth;
I know the grieving souls of iron and stone
By man enslaved to work the harshness of his will
On fellowmen; the harshness of that will I know:
And this one thing of all I know, I do not understand.

Louise Olivereau

LITTLE STORIES AND VERSES

(Told and Written at Grace Wallace's School in Carmel, Summer, 1929)

THE ANIMAL

There were horses
Who wanted some food;
They had a little goat—
He kicked everybody and was rude.
We had two lovely dogs,
We have one Persian cat;
We have birds singing in the morning,
But we have no rat.

—Saen Flavin (5)

■ ■

BAD BOY

A little boy was walking in the woods when he met an elf. The elf caught him because he was little and bad.

The elf took him to his tree-house where his children were eating a roast hare. They took him to the kitchen and he ate up all their food. They threw him out because he ate up all their winter food. Then he started home but it got dark before he reached it and he heard a gurring noise.

It was a bad fox who came running after him. The fox ate him up. That is what happened to this bad boy.

—Saen Flavin (5)

■ ■

FRIENDS

There was a little dog;
He met a frog;
The frog said,
"Little dog, do you like to sit on a log,
as I do?"
No, I do not like to sit on a log as you do.
I am like other animals;
I don't like to talk to fish-animals
Because they aren't my type of animals.
There are that kind of peopye who like
to sit in the water . . .
You don't like to play with that kind of
people.
I know my friends when I see them.
Where is my dog-friend now?"

—Madelaine McDonogh (6)

■ ■

SIX LITTLE BLACKBIRDS

Six little blackbirds went to town;
Three had blue coats and three had brown,
Two had gold beaks, two had red
And two had green caps on their head.

—Edith Anne Wilder (8)

■ ■

A POOR OLD MAN

Once upon a time there was an old man and he lived in a house that was made of wood. He hadn't had any food for a year. Then he worked for some money and bought some food and ate it. Then he went to bed.

Bright and early in the morning he got up and went downstairs and ate the left-over food. After he ate he climbed in his car, and then he went to work.

—Howard Clark Wilder (5)

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LEGAL NOTIFICATION

NOTICE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN:

That on Monday, August 5th, 1929, the 1929 ASSESSMENT ROLL, duly completed as required by Ordinance No. 11 of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, will be open to the public.

NOTICE IS HEREBY FURTHER GIVEN:

That on Monday, August 12th, 1929, the Council of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea will sit as a BOARD OF EQUALIZATION.

Signed: SAIDEE VAN BROWER
City Clerk

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POEMS BY A MOTHER

from the volume by Helen Hoyt to be published by Harcourt Brace in September.

UNDER A MADRONE

Under a madrone,
Under a manzanita,
You were begotten,
Child of California;
In a secret room of the mountains,
On a carpet of wild flowers,
On the rock floor of the mountains,
A seed blown by the wind.

Sprung of wild earth were you,
Earth sun-drenched, vigorous,
In the quick mountain air,
Between mountain rocks,
Flower of our delight!

AMIS UNDER THE FIR-TREE

You so little under the ancient fir-tree!
You at play, under its wide solemn branches!
Moving like a frail white speck at the foot of its mighty pillar!

You with bright eyes that look out,
And the tree that so long has seen nothing;
You with your clear young voice
In the midst of its somber quiet;
Your glances and laughter ringing like speech
From its ages of silence;
Your gold hair rayed like a star in the dusk of its shadow.

Back and forth with quick steps you walk,
Stooping to pick up the fir-cones.
Generations of fir-cones cover the stony hillside;
But no blowing flower-petals have ever
Floated down from this tree,
Fallen on this hard ground.
Never till today has anyone found
A tender white flower lying under these boughs—
Nestling so softly among the old roots.

FRUIT-TREES

The orchards were all blooming
In the weeks you were aborning;
Now, baby, they are bearing—
And what fruit will you be?

A peach on a branch,
A pear, a pomegranate?
Apricot? nectarine?
Bunch of blue plums?

So sweet you are to smell of,
So nice to take a bite of,
So firm you are to feel of,
So cherry smooth to touch—

Shall I eat you, little juicey?
Shall I take a tiny nibble?
Little ripe one, little round one—
Little apple of my heart!

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